CARBON

WILDIE THAYER

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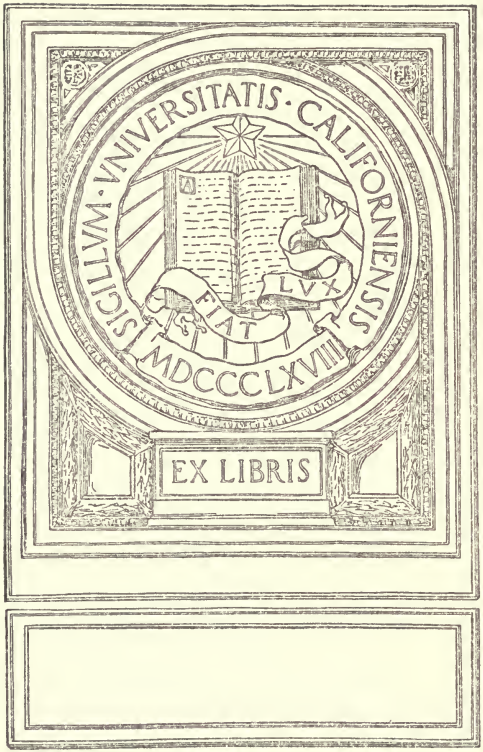
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CARBON

WILDIE THAYER

Author of "First Poems," "Morning Glory,"
"Violilla," etc.

BOSTON, MASS.:
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1903

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BY WILDIE THAYER.

PREFACE.

In its purest crystallized state, carbon becomes the diamond.

What particular conditions had to be fulfilled to crystallize the carbon is not known, but certain it is the process was exceedingly gradual.

There may not be a line in this book which will exist long enough to crystallize in the human heart as a diamond, but as carbon is commonly mentioned as the meanest of elements I have presumed to name these verses "Carbon."

WILDIE THAYER.

Lowell, Mass., June 24, 1903.

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INDEX.

	PAGE
Palace of Dreams	1
Are You My Friend?	3
Mysteries	4
The Singers	5
The River of Tears	6
Gleams	7
Walking on the Sea	8
Angels	9
Hidden	10
Sunshine and Shower	11
Undisguised	13
Revealment	17
Worry	19
Forbidden Love	20
The Bee and the Butterfly	22
The Heart's Plea	24
Moral Wounds	25
A Letter to the Birds	26
Anemone	27
Despair	28
Dream on	29
The Awakening	30
Motherless	31
The Rose and the Breeze	32
Pussy-Willow	33
Soul Beauty	34
Labor	35
Transformation	36
The Lone Dreamer	37
Voices of the Lights	38
Heedlessness	42

Indian Summer 43
Children, Remember 46
Nature's Church 47
The Message of the Bells . . . 49
Love 50
Song of Nature's Child 51
The Skeptic 53
The Organ Pumper 54
The Angel of Shadow-Land . . . 56
Christmas 57
Life's Day 58
Light-hearted? 62
To L—— 63
Easter 64
One Comfort 65
Chronita 66
Go On 74
I. H. S. 75
Lady of Leisure 77
The White Rose 78
Now Be 79
My Friend 80
Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread . . 82
My Bank Account 83
Be Like Flowers 84
Sing of Cheer 86
God's Thank You 87
The Suicide 88
The Rainbow of Babyland . . . 89
Fairy Weavers 90
Union 91
The Trees 92
The Minister Coming to Dinner . . 93
The Ideal 95
Weary 96
Lucy 97
Marriage 100

Childhood 101
A Plea for the Flowers 103
The Forest Genius 104
Woodland Whispers 105
A Shadow 106
Moonbeam Fancies 107
Pursued 108
Infidelity 109
Lurline 110
The Only Death 111
Baccalaureate Hymn 112
The Message 113
Mountain and Sea Air 114
John and Mabel 115
Ragged Betsey 116
Brotherhood 118
My Good-night Psalm 119
An Image 121
Lily of the Valley 122
Silent Voices 123
Gentleness 124
My Angel 125
My Life's Pure River 127
His Likeness 128
Prayer 130
Sea of Thought 131
The Beautiful Garden 132
A Dream 134
May 30th 135
Keep Your Hearts Whole 136
In Heaven 137
Fragments 138
To the Reader 144

Sometimes, though I eagerly listen,
I catch not an echo or chime ;
And again a chorus of angels
Will sing a whole song at a time.

I have told all I can of the secret
How the sweet light of poesy gleams.
Ah, you followed me not through the dungeon !
I'm alone in my palace of dreams.

Are You My Friend?

My friend you claim to be.
Let me tell you what to me
Friend implies:
Friendship has no fear of death;
Friendship true which breathes with breath,
Never dies.

Though to lowest depths I fall,
Though I lose my soul, my all,
And descend
To the vilest pits of shame,
Yet beside me, to reclaim,
Is my friend.

Should I rise to heights of fame,
Would your friendship be the same,—
Nothing more?
Should I fall to deepest hell,
Would you love me just as well
As before?

Friendship is a wondrous art,
Only mastered by the heart,
Learned by few.
Are you, then, a friend to me?
Will your friendship constant be,
Sure and true?

Mysteries.

Can you understand the whisper
In the deep heart of the shell?
Can you hear the silent ringing
Of the tiny flower bell?

Can you tell me what the breezes
Whisper in the lonely night?
Can you see the magic fingers
Painting flower colors bright?

Can you tell me how the sunlight
Bids the darkness flee away?
And explain why shadows lengthen
At the closing of the day?

Do you know how beauty entered
In the heart of everything?
Can you sound the notes of music
Which the common song-birds sing?

Do you know why life and living
Should be given you to give?
Can you search one single mystery
In the world in which you live?

The Singers.

The choir sang the love of our Father,
In a wailing and solemn refrain;
Their voices were chiming together
The sorrow they could not restrain.
I thought as I passed from the service
"Ah, life is all anguish and pain!"

Away from the church and the singers,
Far into the forest I went,
Where the birds sang the love of our Father
With a cheerful and hearty consent.
"Ah, life is so sweet!" I responded,
"Ah, life is all peace and content!"

The River of Tears.

There's a beautiful river of gladness,
Of a mirror-like, silvery sheen,
Where never a ripple of sadness
Or a shadow of trouble is seen.
In heaven, resplendent with glory,
All sparkling and bright it appears,
And it murmurs a wonderful story—
This earth-formed river of tears.

Gleams.

Loving smiles like brightest sunbeams
O'er life's darkest shadows gleam ;
Loving words are water lilies
Blooming on life's troubled stream ;
Loving thoughts are angel whispers ;
Loving deeds will souls redeem.

Walking on the Sea.

(TO ELGIE.)

Venture on your sea of trouble,
  Let not burdens bear you down;
He who rules the sea will guide you,
  He will never let you drown.

Stretch your feeble hands to Jesus,
  For his arms are reaching out,
Waiting, longing to protect you,
  Wherefore, wherefore will you doubt?

By a word he calms the waters;
  Trust in him and fearless be.
God be praised, by faith you're standing.
  You can walk upon the sea.

Angels.

Where'er a weary mother
Is praying for her child,
Where'er a strong temptation
Leaves pure souls undefiled,
Where'er the hope of heaven
Is shining through despair,
Where'er the Christ-love blesses,
An angel whispers there.

Where'er for love of Jesus
One little word is said,
Where'er with tender sympathy
A heart is comforted,
Where'er the Holy Spirit
A sleeping soul has stirred,
Where'er a heart is listening,
An angel's voice is heard.

Hidden.

Many a face with smiles enlightened,
Many a soft and flattering tone,
Keeps from sight a lurking darkness,
Hides from view a heart of stone.

Many a face with sorrow darkened,
Many a garment worn and old,
Keeps from sight an inner brightness,
Hides from view a heart of gold.

Sunshine and Shower.

As Sunshine descended, resplendent with power,
He met his poor brother, unfortunate Shower.

"Well, Sunshine," said Shower, "'tis a horrible day."
"Fine weather, indeed," Sunshine hastened to say.

"Ah, no," growled Shower, "there's a damp, cold breeze.
All things are uncomfortable; look at those trees!

"Their branches are leafless, a most wretched sight."
Then Sunshine made answer, "Their branches unite.

"They rest from their labor, united in love,
And with bare arms uplifted seek heaven above.

"Each tree, my dear brother, more sunlight receives
Than when, earth-encumbered, it struggled with leaves."

"Just hear that brook growling!" said Shower, with a sigh.
"'Tis singing," was bright Sunshine's ready reply.

"I'll hasten," said Shower, "to fall on the world."
"By my smile," said Sunshine, "you will be impearled."

Undisguised.

"Go back, most awful guest;
Go, with thy chilling rest,
Which curdles in my breast,
At every thought.
Life holds me with its charm.
Take back thy deadly arm,
I freeze, with fierce alarm.
Embrace me not."

Then Death, with sorrow said,
"While in life's strength you tread,
You fear a body dead,
Nor look above.
But ere the mortal dies,
Before the spirit flies,
I lay off my disguise,
And win the love."

Death spoke, then calmly smiled —
The smile my heart beguiled,
'Twas thrilling, winning, mild.
"Speak on," I cried,
"And tell me all thou art.
Do not with haste depart,
Your smile has won my heart."
Then Death replied:

"How often, when alone,
You long to meet your own,
You hear an undertone
  It almost seems.
In ecstasy complete,
You hold communion sweet,
Chide not your heart's loud beat,
  These are not dreams.

"The body thee restrains,
Thou art held by fleshly chains.
Earth checks thee, 'tis earth's reins
  That wound the heart.
While in the body bound,
No freedom can be found,
Till laid beneath the ground,
  Enslaved thou art.

"The vague, forgotten dreams,
The shadowy light which gleams,
The truth that almost beams,
  Comes not below.
The eyes you never meet,
The hands you almost greet,
Till heart shall cease to beat,
  Thou canst not know.

"I now must soar above,
I long to win thy love.
Peace, like a gentle dove,
  I'll bring to thee.

I take away the weight,
I glorify thy fate,
I open wide the gate,
And set thee free.

"Farewell, dear heart, believe
I'll come again at eve.
Be ready to receive
A heavenly breath."
"O stay, stay, must thou go?
And leave me longing so
Eternal bliss to know!
Come quickly, Death."

. . . . . .

When o'er my grave you tread,
Think not that I am dead,
That in an earthly bed,
My spirit lies.
Escaped from mortal clay,
It flew away — away —
And soars through endless day,
And never dies.

Death holds the life I crave,
So let the wild winds rave,
But plant above my grave
Sweet violets white.

And on the marble stead
Which towers above my head,
To mark my earthly bed,
  This message write:

To rest ordained of God,
Through gates of goldenrod,
Beneath an earthly sod,
  My body lies.
In realms of living light,
Through gates of pearly white,
O'er mansions of delight,
  My spirit flies.

Revealment.

From the shadows of night dawned the glorious
morning,
And with the first sunbeams there came
A beautiful angel, who passed by earth's children
And called to each sleeper by name.
Called tenderly, gently : " Arise, it is morning ;
Come, hasten, my mandate obey :
Gaze long on my beauty, go forth to your duty,
My presence to others display."

The sweet angel vanished on wings of the
shadows ;
Earth's children now sought him in vain ;
Yet the vision of beauty, the message of duty,
In memory must ever remain.
And one journeyed deep in earth's dark, stony
chasms,
With eagerness, hopeful, alone ;
Until he with wonderful, matchless perfection
Expressed that sweet angel in stone.

And one heard the message and earnestly labored
To obey the bright angel's request.
And at last with heavenly colors of glory
The angel on canvas expressed.
Another just told the sweet, beautiful story
In accents both simple and true,
How the angel came down and whispered the
bidding,
And then disappeared from view.

There were those who had heard who were
ready and eager
To reveal the fair angel of light;
In the commonplace valley they lived 'neath
love's sunshine,
Away from the chill of the height.
And there, unseen by earth's talented children,
Did each little duty each day;
Just lived each moment the life of an angel
In a humble and beautiful way.

Worry.

Worry not.
Worry never did or could
Do a single mite of good.
Worry not.
Dreary, listless lives it makes,
Vital force it always takes,
Many a living heart it breaks.
Worry not.

Forbidden Love.

"Love, thou art an intruder and so we must part;
Thy joys are forbidden to me,
So haste, get thee hence, leave the depths of my heart,
And in pity, I pray, let me be."

Love gazed at me smiling. I hastened away,
But his presence I could not evade;
In my shadow he rested, there did he delay;
I rebuked him in joy, yet afraid.

"O leave me," I cried, "for thy presence I dread,
We must now and eternally part."
Then Love, weeping silently, pleadingly said,
"Let me die, O beloved, in thy heart."

So I buried him deep and I felt my heart break,
So silent he lay that I said,
"He is slumbering now, he will never awake,
He is dead!" I cried, "he is dead!"

As I watched by my Love in the deepening gloom,
With memories tender, unwise,
A whisper I heard from the depths of the tomb,
"I shall rise," it said, "I shall rise."

"Thou shalt never arise!" I rebelliously cried,
Though my heart stood still at its fear,
When lo, all triumphant Love stood at my side,
"I am here!" he cried, "I am here!"

In despair then I cried, "I will force thee to die.
In the tomb of my heart, cold and dim,
I will starve thee to death, athirst thou shalt lie!"
And there did I imprison him.

Not a nourishing comfort or joy did I give,
No drink of my deep-buried tears.
I wonder how long he can suffering live;
He has been there for many long years.

But I heed not his groaning, his woe, or his wrong,
Though my heart ever bleeds at his cry.
Oh, it takes so long — so long — so long —
For a starved Love to die.

The Bee and the Butterfly.

One day a bee accosted
A shining butterfly,
And said, "O gorgeous beauty,
Pray, do not pass me by."
The butterfly stood trembling,
Expectant and aglow.
The bee addressed her reverently
With murmur soft and low:

"O bright-winged, graceful creature,
Come nearer, I implore,
Your brilliancy I worship,
Your beauty I adore.
I love you dearly, truly,
Do not my offer spurn.
Accept my heart, dear butterfly,
And give yours in return."

The butterfly responded:
"Your heart concerning me
Amazingly has altered,
My flattering Mr. Bee.
You say you worship beauty
And brilliancy like mine,
But, for a former insult,
Your friendship I decline."

Surprised, the bee responded:
"My heart could never change
Concerning you, fair charmer,
Your fancy, dear, is strange.
I'm sure you are in error,
But tell me what you mean.
I never could have slighted
Such a graceful, fairy queen."

Then, spreading out her golden wings,
The gorgeous butterfly
Soared over humble Mr. Bee
And wafted this reply:
"Ah, too well I remember,
For, listen, Mr. Bee:
I was a caterpillar
When you insulted me."

The Heart's Plea.

If I were lying cold and dead,
You might look on me and say,
"Dear one, I loved you, and I grieve
Because you've gone away."

But I'm not dead, and I long for love.
I wish I could hear you say,
"Dear one, your life is a joy to me;
I am glad you are here to-day."

Moral Wounds.

A moral wound may be concealed
And in the heart repose ;
Yet think not, thou immortal soul,
That wound will ever close.
For at the slightest, lightest touch,
The blood afresh will start,
With torturing pain 'twill e'er remain
Deep, open in the heart.

A Letter to the Birds.

Dear little messengers of joy,
I miss you, miss you so;
'Tis desolate without your songs,
Here in this land of snow.

Can you forget the cloud-drawn days,
The lonely, empty nest;
The leafless trees, the chilling breeze?
Or do you sing your best?

I know the southern land of flowers
Is full of gladness, yet
I fancy in your songs there rings
A note of fond regret.

Dear birds, it is so very lone
Without your songs of cheer.
I did not know I loved you so,
When I your songs could hear.

Do not forget me, little birds,
Although so far away.
Come, cheer my lonely, saddened heart.
O, hasten back, I pray.

Anemone.

Frail little floweret, thee
Out in the tempest I find,
Dear little child of the wind,
Anemone.

Once as I fled in despair
Far from the noise of the street,
Deep in thy woodland retreat,
Floweret fair,

Prone on the ground, 'neath a tree,
Bitterly weeping I lay;
For I was troubled that day,
Anemone.

But as I rose from my bed,
Praying my Maker for death,
Thou didst then whisper of breath,
Bowing thy head.

Teaching submission to me,
Low bent thy head as the breeze
Whispered its power through the trees,
Anemone.

Despair.

O to just close my eyes in sweet slumber to-night,
And forever and ever to sleep,
Eternally rest in a dreamless delight,
In a silence, unconscious and deep.

For I'm weary, I'm weary, so weary to-night,
And life seems one heart-beat of pain;
I'm weary of darkness, and weary of light,
I'm weary of sunlight and rain.

O to wholly forget every dream of the deep,
No thought of the present to take,
No memory feel, but to just fall asleep,
And never, no never, awake.

Dream on.

Hope on, dream on, ambitious soul,
And never greet despair.
'Tis better to build castles,
Than dungeons, in the air.

The Awakening.

He comes, the air seems to tremble,
  Then rests with affectionate hush,
And the face of the maiden is lighted
  With sunset's own roseate blush.

She raises her shy eyes in welcome,
  Then veils them again from his sight;
His face is the sun to the maiden,—
  The sunlight is dazzling and bright.

. . . . . .

Alone in the moonlight the maiden
  Is dreaming of days that are past;
Of the clouds of love that have vanished,
  Of the flickering shadows they cast.

She is learning the lesson that lingers,
  Which only the truth will impart—
Though Cupid oft visits the fancy,
  He only once blesses the heart.

The lover, too, muses in silence
  O'er the fancies that haunted his youth;
He, too, counts these fancies but shadows
  In the light of love's beautiful truth.

Motherless.

Wistful and sad, I am dreaming alone,
Longing for love which I never have known,
Craving affection which ne'er will be mine,—
Mother love, whisper of God's love divine.

When with the cares of the world I'm oppressed,
O for a mother heart calling to rest,
Where all my sorrows and woes to confide,
Where in life's storms I could safely abide.

Hopes disappoint, even lovers grow cold,
Friends oft are measured by kindness and gold,
But through sorrow and pleasure, through sin, grief, and pain,
True mother love will e'er constant remain.

Mother, come clasp me in love to your heart;
Let me my soul's inmost secrets impart,
If for one hour on your breast I could lie,
Gladly to purchase such joy I would die.

The Rose and the Breeze.

With a tender, blushing beauty,
Which no other bloom could claim,
Pure was Rose, and sweet and gentle,
When the Breeze a-wooing came.

Modestly she bent to greet him,
While he murmured sweet and low,
While he praised her till her beauty
Took a brighter, deeper glow.

Soon his whispered, tender wooing
Won her loving, gentle heart.
All her lingering, inner sweetness
Rose did to the Breeze impart.

So he watched her heart unfolding
All its fragrance to his view;
Still he gently whispered to her,
Still more beautiful she grew.

But one day the Breeze, impatient,
Roughly whispered to his bride;
Then her tender heart was broken,
And upon his breast she died.

Still the Breeze moans for his darling,
Daintiest, purest of the flowers.
Have you never heard him sighing
In the lonely, silent hours?

Pussy-Willow.

When the winter snow is melting,
And the balmy breezes stir,
A peculiar little creature
Comes all dressed in warmest fur.
He's the queerest little fellow—
Just as queer as he can be;
You may find him in the springtime
Curled upon a willow tree.

There unselfishly he nestles,
Warmly clad, until he sees
There will be no harm attending
Other flowers, on other trees.
For the weather that he battles,
Daintier flowers could not stand,
So they wait 'till he assures them
That the summer is at hand.

Then he quietly will vanish,
He has finished his career,
And his furs are out of fashion,
Flowers stylish must appear.
So he goes, we know not whither,
And we know not whence he came,
Little messenger unselfish,—
Pussy-willow is his name.

Soul Beauty.

One looked upon a pictured face,
  Saw not its glory rare;
An instant gazed, passed on, and said,
  "I see no beauty there."

Another stood in rapturous awe
  Before that pictured face,
And silently its beauty felt,
  Forgetting time and place.

One looked upon a living face,
  Cared not to look again,
Saw not the beauty, born of grace,
  Of purity, and pain.

Another gazed, and gazed again,
  And saw the glory shine
Upon that living face, and said,
  "Its beauty is divine."

Labor.

By labor was the universe designed,
By labor 'tis upheld, by labor ruled.
Christ labored, and God's richest blessing lies
On honest toil, his curse on slavery.
No lighter falls his curse on idleness.
Labor is God-created, made for man.
Man went not out alone from Eden's bower ;
The soldier, Courage, and the angel, Hope,
Clasped hand in hand with Labor, followed him.
Call that not ease which chills the heart of man
To worship self and gold, which starves the soul,
And eats the fruits of slavery and shame,
Makes man forget his duty, and forget
That God is Love ; but call it discontent,
Despair and degradation, sin and death.
Call not that labor which debases man
And makes him little higher than the beasts ;
But call it sacrilege, profanity,
World-greediness, life-robbery, soul-death.
Labor means inspiration, courage, hope,
Life, truth, and soul-salvation. Labor is
God's priceless gift to man,—his heritage.
Apart from labor, man is courageless,
Hopeless, dethroned, and disinherited.

Transformation.

The stars, cold and piercing,
  Impassively stare
With a cruel, hard glitter—
  No sympathy there.

But lo, a new beauty
  Descends from above ;
And the stars, sympathetic,
  Are lighted with love.

The Lone Dreamer.

See where he sits there alone in his room ;
Deep is the silence like that of a tomb.
Dying the fire ; a bright flame now and then
Fitfully gleams, then is buried again.
Hark ! 'Tis a garment's low rustle he heard !
No, it was only the curtain that stirred,
Moved by the wind which is whispering low,
Half like a voice that he knew long ago.
Now bows his head on his hand ; low he sighs ;
Meeting his own are two dark, dreamy eyes ;
Tenderly gaze they, inviting to rest ;
Cool on his forehead soft fingers are pressed.
See, how he starts ! See the fitful flames gleam !
Sadly he wakes from his sweet, wistful dream.
Out from his lone star of memory and pain,
Gaily he moves in the cold world again.

Voices of the Lights.

Below me lies the city. On the heights
Alone I stand, and from the myriad lights
Below, which flash and shine from far and near
Like countless tongues of fire, I seem to hear
Their flaming voices rise as they impart
Their burning secrets to my listening heart.

Ah, listen to that piercing steady light
Which shines so peacefully, so strong and bright:
"I tell of steadfast love, of labor blest,
Of peace, contentment, and of perfect rest.
I stand for purity, for strength, for mirth;
I light a happy home, a heaven on earth."

How dazzling and with what a fiery spell
That light which rises from the flames of hell,
The devil's lighthouse gleams across the sea!
Within that shelter fiends hold jubilee!
List to the voice which sounds so loud and shrill:
"I want your youth, your innocence, your will,
I want your life, your fortune to control.
Cursed be your heart, your intellect, your soul.
Come to the lighthouse gay, come, manhood, come,
And sink to ruin in the sea of rum!"

But see that mansion brilliantly aglow,
With all that wealth and comfort can bestow.
Those flaming lamps by cruel hands are filled
With human blood. From broken hearts 'twas spilled.
How gaily rings the voice: "I stand for pride.
O'er culture and o'er luxury I preside."

A faint and trembling light now speaks to me,
Its voice comes borne on wings of agony:
"A dismal life, a ruined home is mine,
On bleeding hearts and wasted hopes I shine.
Here Misery securely folds its wings,
And Memory a threnode plaintive sings,
Grief, Want, and Sin, the only forms I see.
Soon naught but darkness in my place will be."

A hundred lights in one glad chorus call:
"I shine in splendor in the dancers' hall,
O'er forms of grace and melody I gleam,
O'er beauty fairer than a fairy's dream;
I hear but music gay and footsteps light,
I see but happy smiles and faces bright —
There may be aching hearts hid from my sight."

A voice of anguish now I seem to hear,
Above the other voices ringing clear:
"O'er grief unspeakable my rays I shed,
A lovely child upon a little bed;

A white-robed angel near her waiting stands;
A mother bows her head, she clasps her hands,
She kneels beside the child, she breathes a prayer,
'I cannot let her die; O Father, spare
My child, my only child!' I see her weep,
Her heart is broken, still my watch I keep."

A flickering light I faintly can discern.
It speaks, "Through all the lonely night I burn."
A weary woman o'er her sewing bends,
In ceaseless toil her burdened life she spends,
Forever toiling for her daily bread,
She cannot sleep, her children must be fed.

Hark! from God's lighthouse rings a call to prayer,
A clear and peaceful light is shining there;
Heart-penetrating rings its tender voice:
"I light the church of God. Come, and rejoice.
With purest brightness happily I shine.
Are you in darkness? Here is light divine.
Here can you learn of mercy full and free,
Of perfect safety on Life's troubled sea."

Within a humble home a trembling light
Is faintly glimmering through the lonely night.
The lamp in Love's own window, Hope divine,
Forever and forever more 'twill shine.
I hear its voice: "I'm watching, Hope still burns,
I'm shining 'till the wandering one returns."

A world of stars ; each star a world apart,
All flashing secrets of the human heart.
One gay with light of happiness appears,
Another glimmers through a mist of tears.
The light which warms one heart with joy and
cheer
Consumes another heart to ashes drear.
Together instantly their voices ring,
In one vast voice their separate songs they sing.

Heedlessness.

While seeking for flowers in the regions above,
With fragrancy heavenly sweet,
A dear little violet, pleading for love,
I carelessly crushed at my feet.

Indian Summer.

Once, long ago, the beauteous Summer grieved;
For all the hills and valleys, woods and dales,
He had made rich with glory, color-bright,
And when the earth was fairest, he must die.
The Summer sobbed, and at the doleful sound,
The winds came rushing from their wanderings;
The trees their garments shook, and sighed in grief;
The waters ceased to laugh, and sadly mourned;
The waves came to the shore with helmets white
To ask the reason of the Summer's woe.
The answer came: "The Summer fair must die."
Then loudly cried the waves, the sobbing winds
Roamed aimlessly about in agony,
And dragged the darkening clouds across the sky.
The rain fell; water, sky, and air were sad.

Then the great Father looked upon the grief
Of these his children, waves and trees and clouds,
And bade them cease their mourning. They obeyed.
Down came the Princess Frost. The Summer smiled,
And touched with tender hands the glorious earth;
The winds blew soft and balmy, and the tears

Were dried from all the trees. The north wind brought
The dainty, fair, white princess; in her hair
A powder brightly sparkled, and her dress
Was crystal spangled; azure blue her eyes.
She cuddled in her arms the rough north wind,
And tossed her shining powder on the earth
Till hills and mountains looked like mantles green
With silver lace embroidered. Hand in hand
The Summer and the gentle Princess Frost
Went through the woods together; bush and tree
The Summer and the Princess softly kissed.
And when the Summer kissed the leaves, they blushed,
For fervor of his love, a flaming red;
And at the kiss of Princess Frost some turned
All golden with delight, while others fell
In worship at her feet. The forest fires
Arose on every side. The rustling winds
Threw down the fluttering leaves in whispering showers;
The trees and flowers and bushes went to sleep,
And peaceful beauty reigned. Thus bravely died
The Summer, Love his guide instead
Of vain repining; and the mighty sun
His best and rarest poured on all the world.

The Indian warrior saw the Summer die,
And saw the painting of the world, and said:
"This is the Summer true, and well may we
A lesson learn to see his glorious death."

Thus the true warrior when prepared to die
Would never vainly grieve, but clothe himself
In brightly glowing garments; bravely then
Would go to welcome death, proud, unafraid.

Children, Remember.

Child with locks which gleam with gold,
Remember that you may some day be old.
Child with locks of silvery gray,
Remember that you were young one day.

Nature's Church.

It was the holy Sabbath morn.
I banished every care
And listened to the silent chimes
From flower-bells of prayer.

I bowed my heart in worship
And hastened to their call,
To the heavenly church of nature—
The fairest church of all.

O, it is wondrous to behold:
Its pillars are the trees,
Its singers brooks, and bees, and birds,
Its organ is the breeze.

Its carpet is of velvet green,
Its roof of azure blue;
The church is bloomingly adorned
With flowers of every hue.

I could not see the preacher,
Nor could I hear his voice;
But I knew his text was, "Weary,
Weary heart, rejoice! rejoice!"

Baptized with floods of sunshine
I lost all sense of pain;
While communing there with nature,
I was surely born again.

Tenderly upon my forehead
Holy dew-drops softly fell,
And a heavenly voice seemed whispering,
"All is good; all, all is well."

While a peace beyond believing
Claimed my spirit for its own;
And a perfect love possessed me,
Which I ne'er before have known.

'Twas an inward sense of heaven
Which no human tongue can tell.
Tremblingly the lengthening shadows
Like sweet benedictions fell.

The Message of the Bells.

Love is the bell-ringer; Peace is the bell;
Sweet is the message 'tis ringing to tell;
Listen, receive it: "The Saviour is born,
Born in thine heart on this glad Christmas morn."

"Peace and good-will!" still the angels are singing,
Still shines the light of the Truth-star for thee.
Follow its brightness wherever it leadeth
Till thou in beauty the Saviour canst see.

Hark, the sweet news which the Peace-bell is telling
Gladly is echoed by joy-bells of earth;
They are returning a happy thanksgiving
For God's great gift, for the blest Saviour's birth.

Chime on, ye earth-entwined joy-bells of Christmas,
Dear is the message your glad music brings;
Louder and deeper and sweeter and clearer
Sounds the Peace-bell which the Love-angel rings.

Love.

Love is not a passion-flower, dear ones,
  Like a lily its beauties unfold;
Its robe is as spotless as whiteness,
  Its heart is the purest of gold.

It blossoms in light over darkness,
  Blooms stainless o'er vileness and strife,
Eternally gleams in its beauty
  From the wonderful river of life.

Song of Nature's Child.

You may boast of the wonderful city,
With its majesty, glory, and power,
But with all of its charms it has nothing
To tempt the fragrant wild flower;
The daintiest blossoms of nature,
From the city make hasty retreat,
But far in the wilderness, happy,
They are blooming all fragrant and sweet.

You may boast of your mighty cathedrals,
With their eloquence, beauty, and song;
But the wonderful singers of Nature
To the heart of the forest belong:
The birds sing praise to their Maker,
With hearts free from worry and care,
And 'tis in the wild chapel of Nature
Is found the true spirit of prayer.

You may boast of your knowledge and wisdom,
Of your schools and your teachers of skill.
I prefer the calm of the meadow,
The peace of the cool forest rill.
God's earth, in its own simple beauty,
Is wondrously, heavenly fair,
And no works of man, howe'er mighty,
With the beauties of nature compare.

I am tired of the pomp of the city,
I would fly to the mountains again,
Where in peace undisturbed I could ever
With dear Mother Nature remain.
There's companionship in the deep forests
And happiest comfort for me.
In the city, the desert of people,
I'm as lonely as lonely can be.

The Skeptic.

The skeptic sneered his unbelief
In a God of life and love.
While the Holy Ghost descended,
All radiant from above,
The skeptic saw a raven;
He would not see a dove.

The Organ Pumper.

To their pews the saints are gliding,
With their faces calm, serene,
While the scowling organ pumper
Takes his place behind the scene.

First the prayer, then the preaching,
Music often comes between;
No one sees the organ pumper,
For he is behind the scene.

Yet he hears the solemn sermon,
For his ears are very keen,
And he listens there intently
In his place behind the scene.

Well he knows the sacred singing
Would not sweetly intervene
If he should forget the moment
He must pump behind the scene.

"Is the music not entrancing?"
Breathe the sisters as they rise.
"Yes, indeed," the brothers whisper,
As they close their pious eyes.

"Oh, I am so tired of pumping
This infernal old machine,"
Growls the weary organ pumper,
As he pumps behind the scene.

Ah, while some enjoy the sweetness
From life's laboring machine.
"There are others" pumping—pumping—
Wearily behind the scene.

The Angel of Shadow-Land.

Death is the angel of Shadow-land;
Silent his footsteps, restful his hand.
Into the chamber of suffering he came,
Gently he called the loved one by name;
Cool on the forehead his fingers he placed,
Traces of suffering quickly effaced.
Death is the angel of rest and release,
Friend of the weary, bringer of peace.

Christmas.

I followed the Star; lo, its light gleamed within me;
Resplendent it shone with the glory of morn;
It led to my heart, and oh, sweet revelation,
I found there the manger where Jesus was born.

"They offered Him gifts." What gift shall I offer?
Listen and hear what the Saviour has said:
"Inasmuch as ye give to the least of my children,
Ye give unto me; they receive in my stead."

Life's Day.

When the brightening of the sunrise in the eastern sky is dawning,
And the shadowy forms of darkness glimmer, pale, and disappear,
Child of life, arise, and hasten to the duties of the morning,
Face the sunrise, claim the daylight, led by hope, sustained by cheer.

Brightly gleams the early sunshine; sweet the fragrance of the flowers;
Life is full of richest beauty, claim it in its holiness.
See, the sun is higher rising; swiftly pass the morning hours,
"Be not weary in well doing." Lo! thy Maker waits to bless.

When the heat and dust of noonday find thee weary, sad, and lonely,
Find thy heart bowed down by sorrow, fainting 'neath its load of care.
Faint not, hungry heart, look upward, claim the moment's sunlight only;
Child of life, toil on with patience, face the noonday's burning glare.

Child, thy Maker is beside thee; tenderly He watches o'er thee,
Toil, and trust Him; toil, and love Him; follow where He leads the way.
Spend no time in idly dreaming; see, the shadows are before thee,
Dreamland lies in fields of darkness; dream by night, but work by day.

When the golden sunset's glory tints the western sky with splendor,
And the lengthening shadows whisper that the day is nearly done;
Child of life, face then the sunset; sorrow not, with memories tender
For the early dew-washed hours, for the rising of the sun.

Blessed were the hours of morning and the noon-day hour of duty;
Happy hours of hope and courage, dearer now that they are past.
But behold the wondrous glory of the hues of sunset beauty.
Ah, life's fairest, richest treasures are reserved to greet thee last.

Lo, the darkening shadows gather. Child of life, the night is nearing;
Face the starlight, face the moonlight; sunset beams are overcast,

Darker still the shadows deepen, swiftly light is
disappearing;
Cease thy labor, still thy heart-beats, silence
greets thee, child, at last.

Face the silence; face the darkness; child, thy
day of life is ended;
Shadowy forms descend to greet thee; fear them
not, but trustful be.
Helpless art thou, weak, dependent; grasp the
hand to thee extended;
Enter fearlessly the shadow; list, the Master
speaks to thee.

"Through the valley of the shadow I am with
thee, I will guide thee;
Close thy weary eyes and follow; fear not, I
will hold thy hand.
Be not faithless, but believing, for no ill can e'er
betide thee.
There is nothing that can harm thee in the vale
of shadow-land."

Is there light beyond the shadow? Is there heaven
for souls earth-weary?
Are we but embodied spirits waiting for a glad
release?
Are we here but for a moment; here enduring toil
so dreary,
Only to find life eternal in a world of endless
peace?

Shall we greet our treasured loved ones in a land
with glory gleaming?
Nevermore to part or sorrow while the countless
ages roll?
Is our faith to be rewarded? We are longing, hop-
ing, dreaming.
Is there an immortal answer to the questions of
the soul?

Or is life a heavy burden? but a dream the whole
creation?
Is the God of love a shadow all unreal and
powerless?
Is there naught beyond but darkness and the soul's
annihilation?
Child of life, all else denied thee, there remain-
eth for thee rest.

There remaineth perfect stillness, dreamless sleep
through endless ages;
Deepest silence, stirless quiet for the storms
within thy breast;
Naught can move thee from thy slumber, fiercely
though life's ocean rages;
This reward remaineth for thee, child; be
worthy of thy rest.

Light-hearted?

(A MEMORY OF NELLIE.)

You call her light-hearted and merry,
A stranger to sorrow, care-free;
A light heart may still be a deep heart,
'Tis only the surface you see.

To L—

Whate'er I may do, where'er I may be,
I know who tenderly thinks of me.
I know whose heart is as true as gold,
Whose love will endure till the stars are old,
Till the moon is dark, till the sun is cold.
Yea, though I rise to heights of fame,
Though I fall to depths of sin and shame,
I know whose love will remain the same.

Easter.

I will tell you the meaning of Easter
As angels revealed it to me:
It means that all beauties of nature
Are given new life and set free.

The flowers awake from their sleeping,
The skylark mounts high on the wing,
The sunshine dispels the dark shadows,
For the sweetness and glory of spring.

While standing serene and triumphant
The lily, pure emblem of joy,
Is the white-robed queen-blossom which tells us
That death has no power to destroy.

The lily once slept in the darkness
In a graveland of shadowy night,
But arose by a glad resurrection
To share in God's glorious light.

She stands as the fair white-robed angels
Once stood by the blest Saviour's tomb,
And says, "The dear Christ has arisen,
To bring you this message, I bloom."

One Comfort.

Oh, why should needless care be ours?
  Why should we fume and fret?
For if we cannot gather flowers,
  We'll sleep beneath them yet.

Chronita.

The rain was falling heavily, and drear
The landscape gleamed the whole wide region round;
Among the wild Sierras, in the land
Of Mexico, the scene; the hour at dusk.
It is a lonely view, the ground is drenched,
And ever heavier the rain descends.
Between the pines, their forms almost concealed
By the long outer garments which they wear,
Two men appear, and anxiously they glance
Around the dismal scene which greets their eyes.
The one is tall, his form erect and firm;
Upon his shoulder is a rifle swung.
He pushes back his broad sombrero; we
Can see his face, 'tis fair, his eyes are blue,
His hair is blonde and falls around his brow
In clustering curls; by this we know
The man we see is not a Mexican.
This man has left his home in Northern lands,
To gain his fame and fortune in this land
Of silver. An American is he.
His name is Raymond—Ralph his given name.
The other is his guide, a Mexican.
The guide now turns, and pointing to a stream
Before them, silent for a moment stands,

And now he speaks, addressing Raymond thus :
" Senor, we cannot cross the stream to-night."
" What can we do? " cries Ralph impatiently,
" We cannot here remain ; what can we do? "
" Senor, adown the stream a little way,
A little rancho rests, and therein dwells
Juan Montano. Shall we shelter seek
Of him, senor? There is no other way."
" Yes, yes, move on," cries Raymond hastily,

Juan Montano warmly welcomed them :
" Entras, entras, my shelter is your own.
Senor," Montano said, " your rifle is
A grand one ; it is like the one
Which I possessed, and which, senor, was stolen.
I miss it much, it furnished me my meat.
An Indian stole it. May the devil take
His soul, to pay him for the wretched deed.
Chronita mia," thus Montano called,
" Come here, Chronita ! " Soon before them stood
A maiden, daughter of the Mexican,
Juan Montano. Wildly beautiful was she ;
With glorious dusky eyes, of flashing light
And shade ; dark hair in rich abundance hung
Far, far below her waist in disarray.
A dark, expressive face, a form of grace,
Yet all unconscious, wildly beautiful,
She stood before her father, eyes downcast.
" Senor," Juan Montano said with pride,
" This is my daughter, 'tis Chronita mia."
An instant then the dark eyes rested keen

Upon the face of Ralph, the Northerner.
"Senor, permit Chronita but one shot
From your fine rifle there, for she can shoot."
This said Montano, while Chronita smiled.
Ralph smiled and nodded, and the Mexic maid
With matchless grace his rifle upward raised.
A flash, then a report, and downward fell
A bird upon the ground. Chronita passed
The rifle to its owner. Smilingly
She raised her eyes and met the ardent gaze
Of the American, but instantly
A glowing crimson covered all her face,
And wildly beat her heart. Then Raymond smiled,
For she was beautiful, he beauty loved.
Chronita ne'er before had looked upon
A Northerner. He was quite different
From men of her own race. What was it, though,
That caused her face to flush, her heart to beat
So wildly when the blue eyes, lingering,
Met hers with admiration there expressed?
She did not know, she feared again to raise
Her eyes to meet the stranger's. Hastily
She left the room, by Raymond's gaze
Attended, till her form was lost to sight.
The rain fell heavily upon the roof
In muffled, pattering music; dreamily
Was Raymond listening to it as it fell,
And half unconsciously comparing eyes
Of darkness, raven, flowing locks, to eyes
Of azure blue and hair of brightest gold.

Comparing wild Chronita's dusky face
To the fair features of the Northern maid
Who was his sweetheart, was his promised bride.

The morning dawned, the sun beamed brightly
forth,
As if, victorious, 'twould the rain impearl.
Raymond then bade Montano his farewell.
" Return, senor, again," Montano said.
Chronita, standing by her father's side,
Gazed like a little child in Raymond's face.
" Farewell, Chronita," whispered Raymond low.
" Farewell," Chronita said, " farewell, senor."

Often would Ralph, returning from the mines,
Pause at the rancho for a little while.
Juan Montano always welcomed him,
And soon Chronita learned to watch for him,
And artlessly would smile and welcome him,
And listen, rapt, intent, to hear his words.

One eve, when sunset's glory radiant
Fell in the beauty of its afterglow,
A while paused Raymond at the open door,
Before the rancho, but no one appeared
To welcome him ; then to a spring he went,
For he was very thirsty from his ride.
There, bending o'er the spring, he saw the form
Of wild Chronita. She was filling there
An ollo, and she did not hear his step,
Nor did she see his form until he stood

Beside her. Then she started up and would
Have fallen, had not Raymond held her fast.
"Chronita mia," whispered Raymond low,
The while his gaze sought hers with tenderness.
Chronita raised her eyes with fire aglow,
And Raymond read her tender secret there;
The secret of a love, so wild, so fierce,
And yet so tender, that he almost feared.
Chronita hastened to her chamber then
And low before a little shrine she knelt,
And whispered, "Deos, Deos, blessed God,
I am so happy; why am I so glad?
I thank thee, Deos, for my happiness."

"Ah, senor, what would I not give
To own a rifle like your rifle there?"
Thus said Juan Montano, as he laid
His hand upon Ralph's rifle reverently.
Then answered Ralph, "Montano, hear me well.
I'll give my rifle to you, if, in return,
You'll give to me Chronita for my own."
Juan Montano warmly grasped the hand
Of Raymond, saying, "It is well, 'tis well,
You'll treat Chronita with all gentleness;
And you have money, it is well, 'tis well."

The quarters at the mines where Raymond stayed
Seemed to Chronita like a palace grand.
And she was very happy; Raymond bought
Her pretty dresses, dainty slippers too;
Yet oft he'd find her with her old loose dress

Upon her, while her bare feet peeped beneath.
If he would chide her for her dress, then she
Would cling around his neck and murmur low,
"Ah, Ralph, you must not scold Chronita, for
She loves you so, she loves you so, sweetheart."
And Raymond grew to love the Mexic maid.

The time passed on, and soon must Raymond leave
The land of silver, land of Mexico,
And once again return to Northern land
And claim his fair-haired sweetheart for his bride.
And he must leave Chronita. "Would to God,
I ne'er had met her!" was his inward cry.

Before the fireplace, Raymond sat one night,
Reading the letters which the mail had brought.
Upon the floor, Chronita silently
Was sitting at his feet, her dark eyes bent
Upon the glowing coals, yet often she
Would raise her eyes an instant to his face,
As if to read his very inmost soul.
"Chronita mia," Raymond said at last,
"Soon, very soon, I must return again
To Northern land, and leave you here, sweetheart."
Wildly Chronita rose and stood before
Him, all her body trembling, quivering,
With anger, jealousy, and pain and love.
"You're going to the lady who has sent
Her picture to you, sent you letters too,
But Ralph, I will not let you go, for you

Are mine." An instant silent then she stood
Majestic in her grace, and then forgot
Her queenly bearing, wearily she sighed,
Then fell before him at his feet and sobbed,
As though her heart would break with love and grief.
"Oh, do not, do not leave me," pleadingly
She murmured, "for I love you so, sweetheart."
Then Raymond soothed her, saying tenderly,
"'Tis only for a little while, sweetheart.
I shall return again, shall soon return.
You with your father patiently will wait
Until I come again. 'Twill not be long."
Then brightly beautiful the dark eyes gleamed,
Shone radiant with trusting love and hope.
"You are not going to the lady, then,
Who sent the picture and the letters, Ralph?
Repeat it to me; say, 'I will not go
To her.'" "I will not go to her," said Ralph.
"Then take the picture, and the letters too,
And throw them in the fire and watch them burn."
A flaming color rose to Raymond's brow,
Yet, just to please Chronita, he obeyed.
"I will believe you now," Chronita said.
"With patience, sweetheart, I will wait for you
Till you return again to Mexico."

The time for his departure. Raymond went
To where Chronita weeping stood alone.
"Farewell, Chronita, sweetheart, love, farewell.
You're but a child. I would to God I ne'er

Had met you. I must go. Farewell. Farewell."
Chronita sobbingly returned, "Farewell,
You will return again, will soon return."
A moment Raymond paused, then rode away.
Chronita watched his form till lost to sight,
Then wept as though her very heart would break.
But hark, a sound of voices low she heard,
Voices of those who knew her from a child:
"God curse him for his treachery to her.
He never will return to Mexico.
He's going North to marry one for whom
He gained his fortune in this Mexic land."
Like lightning fire flashed in Chronita's eyes:
"What's this you say? He never will return?
Going to marry her, that fair-haired maid?
No, by his God in heaven, I swear it, he
Shall never marry her, for he is mine!"
Then grasping up the rifle with which her
Heart's blood was purchased, swift Chronita passed
And followed Raymond. Soon she saw his form.
"Ralph! Ralph!" she called. Her voice was angry, hoarse,
He did not hear her, did not look around.
And then with all the lingering tenderness,
Which filled her heart, with power of ardent love,
She called: "Sweetheart mio, Chronita hear!"
This call he heard, and turned to answer her.
A flash, then a report, and Raymond swayed
An instant in his saddle, then fell dead.

Go On.

O be not discouraged, and do not turn back.
Lay aside every burden of care,
At the end of the road is your heavenly home,
And peace is awaiting you there.

I. H. S.

Dark is the prison and hopeless the prisoner,
Prostrate he falls with an agonized cry.
Who is this man, and why is he imprisoned?
'Tis Barabbas, a murderer, sentenced to die.

See from the light comes a great crowd, excited.
Haste thee, Barabbas, for thou art set free!
We have preferred thee to Jesus, Barabbas;
Jesus of Nazareth dieth for thee.

Think you Barabbas once questioned this message?
Think you he doubted the truth which they brought?
Think you he waited to rush from the prison?
Think you he spurned the rich freedom thus bought?

No, he was pardoned, oh, wonderful message!
Pardon and freedom he could not refuse;
I can imagine him hastening, rushing,
Anxious to see Him, the King of the Jews.

Pushing his way through the crowd as they journeyed;
Life without freedom is worthless as dross.
He has been saved, he must gaze on his Saviour,
He must be close to the foot of the cross.

"Jesus," he whispered, "I never have known thee,
Yet by thy death my poor life is set free,
And I accept thee, my Saviour, Redeemer.
This, this I know, thou art dying for me."

Lady of Leisure.

Gaze at her thoughtfully! Languid with graces,
Tired with the burden of nothing to do;
Tear-gleaming diamonds, and ghostly-white laces;
Poverty's whispers her garments pursue.
Eyelids closed wearily, lo, she sighs drearily,
Thoughtlessly dreaming the slow moments creep.
Earnestly gaze at her, look in amaze at her,
Lady of Leisure! Ah, see, she's asleep!

The White Rose.

Do you know, I believe that in heaven,
In celestial gardens of light,
That the purified flowers that abide there
Will all be blossoms of white.
And fairest of all in the kingdom
Will stand the white rose complete,
Its petals all shining with pureness,
Its perfume most heavenly sweet.

Now be.

Are you sinful? Are you weary?
Have you left your home above?
Have you listened to the tempter?
Hast forgotten God is love?
Know, dear one, thy sins are pardoned;
Hear a voice now say to thee,
"I have kept your place, 'tis waiting;
What you might have been, now be."

My Friend.

I have a friend, a friend as yet unknown,
Whose inner soul is kindred to my own,
A friend who can a sacred silence keep,
Who still will love me when I fall asleep;
A dear, rare friend, with whom I am alone.

A human friend, who knows that I am weak,
Who feels the thoughts whose depths I cannot speak,
Whose earnest heart, like golden sunbeams, cheers,
Who smiles at smiles, and weeps at sorrow's tears:
This is the friend my longing soul doth seek.

A friend who cannot here perfection gain,
Yet seeks a heavenly mansion to attain.
O tender friend, with power to sympathize,
Come to me, love-light beaming in thine eyes,
And let thy friendship all my soul enchain.

Where art thou, kindred spirit? Oft alone
I feel thy living heart beat with my own;
I feel the thrill of friendship's keen delight,
And miss thee only by my earthly sight;
I'm sure thy presence in this world is known.

Come, friendship rare, and near my soul abide;
Come, know my weakness, feel my strength and
pride;
I need thee in the darkness, in the light;
Come, bring thy presence to my longing sight,
And let me in thy strength and weakness hide.

I'll know thee, friend, I'm sure that I can trace
Thy friendly soul within thy beaming face.
A friendship true as thine I'll give to thee,
A bond which strengthens through eternity,
For sacred friendship heaven will not efface.

"Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread."

"Sickness send, my cause to aid,"
Sighed the doctor, as he prayed.
The apothecary then
Echoed earnestly, "Amen!"
While the undertaker said,
"Send to me a body dead."

Then the sexton toiled and prayed,
"Lord, I pray Thee, send me aid.
Let some reach their final bed.
Give me, Lord, my daily bread!
Cried, while digging in the sod,
"Send a coffin here, O God!"

God in pity heard the prayer
From the sons of toil and care.
Thus the sons of men were fed
From the body of the dead.
Only one, the corpse alone,
Asking bread, received a stone.

My Bank Account.

I am seeking the truths of the ages
And the pearls of the poets to find ;
I am storing the wealth which I gather
In the innermost depths of my mind.
Though I draw from my bank account daily,
I ne'er can in poverty be,
For the more that I give from my treasure,
The more is left over for me.

Be Like Flowers.

In the darkness, be impatient,
Struggle for release;
Let your many seeds of kindness
Daisy-like increase.

Stand like sunflowers, bold and fearless,
Growing strong, upright;
Yet be gentle, pure, and holy,
Like the violet white.

Like the jolly dandelion,
Flourish, full of glee;
Like the baptized water-lily,
Golden-hearted be.

Let your face be like the pansy's,
Cheerful, clear, and pure;
Like the golden-rod be ready
Tempests to endure.

Like the fern in forest dwelling,
Modest grace possess;
Like the sacred Easter lily,
Purity impress.

Like the flower which shines in darkness,
Light-truth ever tell;
Ring a call for living worship,
Like a lily-bell.

Like the lovely apple blossom,
Use with beauty blend;
Like the ivy, earth-bound, climbing,
Cling while you ascend.

Let no thistle seeds of scandal
Tremble in your breath;
They might reach a tender blossom,—
Cause its sudden death.

Like the lily of the valley,
Fragrance round you throw;
Be refreshing as the clover,
Everywhere you go.

Be on earth the fair reminders
Of the love of God;
Leave behind you, like the flowers,
Fragrance in the sod.

Sing of Cheer.

O'er the heads of high and lowly
  Darkening clouds of shade appear ;
From the highlands, from the lowlands,
  Sound now distantly, now near,
Cries of pain and sighs of sorrow,
  Ringing, moaning in my ear ;
Even in my heart, an echo
  Of earth's wailing I can hear.
Ah, the world is full of sadness !
  I will try to sing of cheer.

God's Thank You.

I have labored long and earnest,
Toiled for others all the day,
Tried to useful be, and helpful,
Some kind thing to do or say.
No one seems to understand me,
Tears I scarcely can restrain,
Not a word of thanks to cheer me,
Are my efforts all in vain?

Darkness falls, heaven's tears descend,
Sympathetic star-eyes shine,
Loving, tender, God my Father
Whispers to this heart of mine:
"Thank you, child, be not discouraged,
You have tried to do your best,
Thank you, child." It is God's thank you,
Bringing peace and joy and rest.

The Suicide.

Utterly hopeless, and weary of life,
Weary of restlessness, weary of strife,
Friendless and loveless, and tired of breath,
Longing for silence and longing for death,
Lo, in a moment of utter despair
Bowed low with burdens too heavy to bear,
Too weak to live, by his own hand he died.
God in His mercy his fate will decide.

The Rainbow of Babyland.

Clouds are arising, a storm is approaching;
Dear little eyes are with teardrops impearled.
Now through the cloudlets the sunshine is breaking,
Forming a rainbow in Babyland world.

Fairy Weavers.

Fairy, dewy gossamer; filaments of gloom;
Daintiest of weavers standing by each loom.
Snowy, lily fingers; forms of wondrous grace,
Sweetest smiles of beauty sparkling on each face.
Weaving in the darkness silently and well.
Hark! a tiny tinkle, like a golden bell!
Some one is approaching, trembling as with fear,
'Tis the king of weavers, fairy overseer.
"Cease, Aurora cometh!" overseer said.
"Tie each web of fancy with a golden thread."

Union.

Sounds of melody unite to
  Form a cadence rich and clear ;
'Tis the union of the moments
  Forms the hour, the day, the year.
Faith and hope and love united
  Form a strong, God-fearing band.
Evil forces, when united,
  Fill the prisons of our land.
'Tis by union of the pennies
  That a fortune is possessed ;
'Tis by union of the letters
  That a thought may be expressed ;
'Tis the union of the raindrops
  Forms the sweet, refreshing shower.
So with everything around you —
  In its union lies its power.

The Trees.

Of all of Nature's children in the school-room of the plants
The most studious and faithful are the trees,
For they stand in quiet order just wherever they are placed,
While they bow before the ringing of the breeze.

See them raise their arms together, hear them gently turn the leaves,
They perfect themselves in every branch and line.
At the opening of the school year they are fresh and green, indeed,
But they graduate with brilliancy divine.

The Minister Coming to Dinner.

Nothing in the house to eat,
Neither fruit, nor pie, nor meat,
Nor a cake.
Nothing, sure as I'm a sinner.
Something, something before dinner,
I must bake.

Susan, go to find the broom,
Tidy up the sitting-room,
Dust each chair;
Clean the stove and brush the shelf,
Then begin to clean yourself,
Comb your hair.

Try to decently appear.
Susan, Susan, do you hear
A word of mine?
Stop your everlasting humming,
For the minister is coming
Here to dine.

Joseph, Joseph, do be good,
Go and get some kindling wood,
Hurry up!

Johnnie, take yourself away,
Go out door a while to play
With the pup.

O, whatever shall I do!
I shall crazy go, if you
Don't keep still!
Put away the water-dipper,
I shall have to use my slipper—
And I will!

Close the door outside the hall,
There, the babe begins to squall,
He's up-stairs.
Susan, go, he needs your tending,
Will there ever be an ending
Of my cares?

. . . . . .

There! I've made a cake and pie too,
Though the children seemed to try to
Act like sin.
Some one rings! I hope he's not here—
Pastor, I am glad you've got here.
Walk right in.

The Ideal.

Fair was the pictured face of the angel, all its expression
Told of a sympathy sweet; an influence holy, inspiring,
Seemed to pervade the air around the wonderful picture.
Purity, tenderness, love, gentleness, mercy, forgiveness,—
All were expressed in the face, the beautiful face of the angel.
Rapt with delight the artist would gaze on the face he had pictured,
Gaze 'till all was forgotten, seeing naught else but the angel,
Feeling the beauty expressed till his soul was pervaded with glory.
And as he gazed the beauty which gleamed in the heavenly features
Seemed in his own sweet face to find its perfect reflection.
More and more like the face grew the artist, till people would whisper,
"It is his own pure face the artist took for his model."

Weary.

Weary of darkness, and dreading the light,
O, I am weary, so weary to-night;
Weary of loneliness, tumult, and strife;
Weary of restlessness, weary of life.
Cloudy and desolate night-shadows fall.
Lonely and dreary, monotonous all.
Timidly gleams the pale moon as in fright,
O, I am weary, so weary to-night.
In the dark, lamp-bestarred valley below,
Only the anguish of living they know;
Restlessly breathe they in dream-disturbed sleep;
In the day-dawning they wake but to weep.
Lo, in the distance, star-watched and breeze-sung,
Lies a still city the sweet flowers among;
There all are dreamlessly sleeping in rest,
Undisturbed, care-free, oh, so wondrously blest;
Out of the loneliness, anguish, and strife;
Out of the wearisome struggle of life;
Death bade the sad heart's life-beating to cease,
To rest in that beautiful city of peace.
I, too, would sleep 'neath the violets white,
For I am weary, so weary, to-night.

Lucy.

Far in the country a farmhouse is standing,
Not for long miles is another house seen;
Flowers and vines are abundantly twining,
Daisies are dotting the meadows so green.

Distantly sounds the lowing of cattle,
Answer the poultry with voices too shrill;
Far, far away in a flock close together
Sheep can be seen on a neighboring hill.

Down by the gate of the sturdy old farmhouse
Stands Farmer Brown, with his wife by his side,
Tender and strong is the look which he gives her,
As when first he glanced at the face of his bride.

Placid and calm is the face of the woman,
Plain is her gown of calico neat,
On her white hair is a sunbonnet resting,
Under the bonnet, a face good and sweet.

"Seems but a day," said the farmer's voice thoughtful,
"Since with her school-books we sent her away."
"Ah," said the wife, her eyes beaming tender,
"Yesterday seems she a child at her play.

"Now she is grown and her school-days are over;
Are we not proud of our daughter so dear?
Hard we have labored to give to her learning;
She will repay us with comfort and cheer."

"Aye, so she should," said the farmer's voice doubting,
"Yet she our old ways, perhaps, has outgrown;
She may be tired of the homely old farmhouse,
And leave us lonely like some we have known."

"Lucy? No, father, you judge her unkindly,
She is just longing to reach her home-nest.
She will return our rich comfort and blessing.
I am her mother, I know her the best."

"There is the carriage, I see her hand waving;
Soon will I fold her again to my breast."
Just one sad thought of the wide world behind her,
And Lucy returned, like a bird to its nest.

"Home again!" sunshine the place is o'erspreading,
As from the carriage the loving child flew,
"Father! Oh, mother! in all the world over
No one appears half so lovely as you!

"Now, little mother, sit here in the sunshine
While I arrange the table for tea;
You are to rest and let me do the toiling,
Quite long enough you have labored for me.

"How sweet the flowers, how bright gleams the meadow,
How dear and homelike seems the old place!"
And like an emblem of sweet peace descending
Falls a sweet kiss on the mother's calm face.

Lucy, then, sunbeam-like, hastened to duty,
Lived like a flower, to comfort and bless,
Humble and beautiful, seen not by mortals,
God crowned her life with a glorious success.

Wherever the sun in its beauty is shining,
Whether in city or wilderness wild;
Where'er the rain so refreshing is falling
There is a God, and a work for His child.

Marriage.

Two souls are united forever,
  Two lives as one life have begun,
Two beings are lost in each other,
  Two hearts are beating as one.

Each has sacrificed self on the altar,
  An angel records it above;
They have entered the "Holy of Holies,"
  In the beautiful temple of Love.

Childhood.

Hast thou not seen
A lovely, laughing child at play?
Before an unknown land
It does not understand,
With curls aglow with many a ray
Of sunlight sheen,

With laughter bright
With sparkling eyes, with merry voice,
It lives but for to-day;
Its life is but a play.
Ah, all who see it must rejoice
At such a sight.

And yet before
The child is life and strife and sin;
While error gives commands
Though Truth victorious stands,
We tremble as we gaze within
The open door.

Hast seen this sight —
A lovely, thoughtful child at prayer,
Hallowed with a light
From lands exempt from night,
While beauty chaste has touched its hair
With silvery white?

With smiles of peace
With gentle voice, with love-lit eyes,
The child with patience waits;
While trust illuminates.
The Friend that will immortalize
Will give release.

The life before
This child is safe, is free from sin,—
A life of endless youth,
Life of divinest truth;
Ah, heaven itself is just within
The open door.

A Plea for the Flowers.

Love you not the tender flowers
Blooming on this earth of ours?
Living love from you they crave,
They will follow to your grave;
All their life they freely give.
God is life, and flowers live.
Love these cheering stars of day,
Love, oh, love the flowers, I pray.

The Forest Genius.

Hush, the genius of the forest
  Passes through the woodland there;
I can hear her garments rustle
  As she journeys in the air.

I will go, and hear the secret
  She is whispering to the trees.
I can follow, for her footsteps
  Left their traces in the breeze—

So I hastened to the woodland,
  Silent stood, and tried to hear;
But the genius of the forest
  Held her breath as I drew near.

Then I passed into her arbor,
  But she never breathed or stirred;
Loud I called, a mocking echo
  Was the only sound I heard.

But when lingering in the valley,
  Gathering buds and flowers fair,
I could hear her gentle whispers,
  As they trembled in the air.

Woodland Whispers.

If you'll bend your heart to nature,
And intensely silent keep,
You will hear sweet woodland whispers
Sounding from the forest deep.

A Shadow.

We stood by the seashore,
My sweetheart and I,
A dark storm-cloud quickly
Passed over the sky.

The ocean reflected
The cloud in its heart;
I whispered, "Forgive me,
Forgive me, sweetheart."

Then tenderly, softly,
She whispered, "Forgiven."
"See, darling, no cloud
Is between us and heaven!"

Then trusting, yet fearing,
She whispered to me,
"A dark line of shadow
Is left on the sea."

Moonbeam Fancies.

Have you never in the moonlight
  Passed a lonely grave-yard by,
When the stillness seemed oppressive;
  When you feared, you knew not why?

Did the dim and drowsy moonbeams
  Figure to your fancy light,
While your fancy shaped the moonbeams
  Into ghostly visions white?

Pursued.

Rush on, push on, with all thy might,
  Pursue thy work with vim,
  Strain every nerve and limb,
For soon the day will yield to night.

Heed not thy weary, fevered brow;
  Thy work must all be done,
  The victory must be won,
The only time thou hast is now.

Then on, my soul, and look not back,
  Dare not to gaze below,
  Where shadows tremble so,
And countless forms are on thy track.

The darkness falls, oppressive, low,
  It fills the heart with dread,
  The burden seems like lead.
The weary way thou canst not go.

Then welcome blissful solitude,
  The only comfort earned;
  For now thou art backward turned.
Ah! now pursuer is pursued!

Infidelity.

Stand in soil indifferent,
  Absorbing drops of doubt,
While the winds of carelessness
  Blow your thoughts about.

Close the windows of your soul,
  Darken every one;
When you feel the sunlight,
  Shout, "There is no sun!"

Close your eyes to everything
  Beautiful and fair;
Do not touch the Bible,
  Never breathe a prayer.

See your brother's faults;
  Never know your own.
Take away your brother's food;
  Laugh to hear him groan.

Follow these directions
  And you soon will be
Hopelessly imbedded
  In infidelity.

Lurline.

Round the hall like graceful fairies
Glide the dancers at the ball;
Only one alone is dreaming,
Lurline, fairest of them all.

Lurline dreams; the sickly odor
Of the dancers' rich perfume
Is the scent of sweet wild flowers;
Like a meadow seems the room.

And the music — 'tis the singing
Of the birds she used to know
As she danced within the forest,
In her childhood long ago.

Now the hall becomes a cabin
Round which dandelions bloom,
Where the woodbine-curtained windows
Shade the sunlight from the room.

O to fly from gaslight gleaming
To the vision of her dream,
Where the autumn leaves and sunbeams
Fall together in the stream!

Hush, the breathing music ceases,
Lurline must from dreams awake;
She must smile, she must be merry,
Even though her heart should break.

The Only Death.

"Tell me, mother," said the child,
"Why is the Dead Sea dead?"
"Because it receives and never gives,"
The mother gently said.

Baccalaureate Hymn.

Lord, we humbly come before Thee,
Pleading for Thy care divine;
Hear us, Lord, 'tis dark without Thee,
Let Thy starlight on us shine.
"Child, I hear thee;
I, the Lord, will be thy light."

Lord, reveal Thy stars of promise,
Teach us how to do Thy will;
When misfortunes cast their shadows,
Keep us safe from every ill.
"Peace be with thee,
Let thine heart be not afraid."

Grant us, Lord, Thy strength and blessing,
Hold our hands within Thine own;
O, forever be Thou near us,
For we dare not walk alone.
"Lo, forever
I am with thee, child, fear not."

Bates College, Lewiston, Me., 1899.

The Message.

Long I puzzled o'er the message,
  Many weary hours I spent
Studying God's Word. 'Twas darkness
  And I knew not what it meant.

I arose and labored earnest —
  Tried to do my very best,
And at night I was so weary
  When I lay me down to rest.

Yet I knew a heart was lightened
  By a spoken word of mine,
And I knew a path was brightened
  By a gleam of light divine.

And the angels hovered o'er me
  While I caught sweet notes unheard;
Then I understood the mystic
  Meaning of God's Holy Word.

Mountain and Sea Air.

Are you sin-sick, heavy laden,
Come and share the sunshine bright,
Breathe the air of heavenly fragrance
On the mountains of delight.

Hasten, then, across the lowlands,
Climb the mountain slope with me,
O, the scenery is glorious
Which we from the top may see.

Breathe the mountain air of sweetness,
'Tis around us and above,
Mingled with the sweet sea-breezes
From the ocean of God's love.

John and Mabel.

John is going to be a preacher, to be something great and noble,
He is poor, 'tis true, but Mabel eager is to help along;
Mabel is his wife, and proudly will she watch him in his progress,
She will work to pay expenses. She is loving, smart, and strong.

Washing, ironing, cooking, mending, anything to earn a dollar,
Never owning she is weary, always cheerful, always bright,
No one knows her heart's recesses, but this fact is quite apparent,
John desires to be a preacher: his desires are her delight.

Study, John, but with your knowledge, study well the one who loves you,
Cherish her; she is your helpmeet; she is patient, pure, and good,
And as you progress in knowledge, take her, lead her onward with you,
Do not leave her gazing at you from her land of motherhood.

Ragged Betsey.

Uncle John came home at Christmas,
Bringing presents rich and new,
And among his other treasures,
Was a doll for little Sue.
Such a lovely, lovely dolly,
With complexion white as milk,
Cheeks as red as roses, blue eyes,
Real hair, curling, fine as silk.

Little Sue was wild with rapture,
With this beauty for her own,
Ragged Betsey was the only
Dolly she before had known.
Betsey now sat in the corner
Very still, and white, and sad,
Looking at the new arrival,
Which her little mistress had.

Little Sue came nearer to her,
Holding close the lovely doll:
"O you homely, ragged Betsey,
I've no use for you at all,
For I've got a nicer dolly;
Maybe I'll give you away,
For I'm sure this little lady
Will not wish with you to play."

Ragged Betsey heard her mistress:
Sadly looked she straight ahead;
Not a smile her plain face lighted;
Rope hair bristled o'er her head.
And the bright, new dolly listened,
Selfish, pitiless, and cold;
And she smiled her very sweetest,
While her soft hair shone like gold.

All day long poor ragged Betsey
Sat neglected in her place,
While her mistress' sweetest kisses
Fell upon the beauty's face.
Six long years had Betsey served her
Little mistress, loyal, true,
And 'twas hard now to be slighted,
For another strange and new.

All day long poor ragged Betsey
Sat neglected in her place,
Looking straight before her sadly,
Not a smile upon her face.

. . . . . .

It is night. The stars are shining.
Little Sue has gone to rest.
Ah — 'tis little ragged Betsey
She is clasping to her breast.

Brotherhood.

I saw a mansion, splendid to behold.
'Twas lighted brilliantly one winter night,
The gaslight gleamed on frames of burnished gold—
A heaven on earth it seemed to wanderers' sight.
No fear was there of wintry winds and cold
Within that mansion, in that golden light.
I could but yield my heart and voice
And with my brother's joy rejoice.

I saw a cottage. Through the windows clear
I saw a mother kiss her sleeping child;
A stalwart son of toil was standing near—
A strong and tender man, who bravely smiled;
While he could work for those he loved, no fear,
No fear of winter's cold or tempests wild.
Such hopeful, trusting smiles their faces had
That in my brother's courage I was glad.

I saw an attic chamber; faintly gleamed
A trembling light. I saw a woman's face,
So poor, so thin, so sad, it almost seemed
A broken heart I could upon it trace.
A man was sleeping, stupidly he dreamed,
His soul was clasped in Rum's fierce, foul embrace,
With aching heart still brotherhood I claimed,
And in my brother's shame I felt ashamed.

My Good-Night Psalm.

PSALM 121.

Shades of night may fall around me,
But to me can come no harm.
All alone with Christ, my Saviour,
I will read my good-night psalm.

I will look above earth's creatures,
Look above earth's pain and sighs;
To the hills, to Zion's mountains,
I will now lift up mine eyes.

Strength and help are mine forever,
Of whom shall I be afraid?
My help cometh from Jehovah,
Heaven and earth by Him are made.

Never shall my trust be shaken,
God o'er Israel watch doth keep,
For the God that keepeth Israel
Cannot slumber, shall not sleep.

I am safe, He is my keeper,
Nothing ere can me affright,
By the day the sun he ruleth,
And the moon he rules by night.

God, Jehovah, shall preserve me,
Good-night, world; come, welcome sleep.
I am safe now and forever,
My Creator me will keep.

An Image.

Beautiful image of marble,
  Formed with precision and care,
Perfectly finished, yet lifeless —
  Emblem of soulless prayer.

Lily of the Valley.

Once the flowers, now lowly bending,
Were with conscious beauty raised,
And their own enticing fragrance
Day by day the lilies praised.

While they thus were softly whispering,
Happy in their proud content,
Mary, mother of our Saviour
Pure, among the lilies went.

As her glance with gentle wonder
On the haughty flowers fell,
Humbly, modestly before her
Bent each tiny snowy bell.

Silent Voices.

In the stillness of the shadow
Many a time my soul has caught
Whispers sweet, of silent voices.
You have heard them, have you not?

Gentleness.

The north wind blew,
And wildly threw
The snowflakes in a pile.
The south wind stirred,
Just breathed a word,
And conquered with a smile.

My Angel.

(TO HATTIE.)

'Tis all in vain;
My life is useless, commonplace;
Why here remain?
The mountain pathway I will trace
Until I see my angel's face.

I caught the gleam,
A robe of whiteness over there —
'Twas not a dream;
It was my angel, radiant, fair,
Then, farewell, drudgery and care.

On yonder height
Half-way I'll see the beauteous form,
My angel bright.
I'll hasten through the raging storm
The commonplace he will transform

To heavenly light.
Ah, all is darkness where I climb;
The mountain height
Is cold, is starry and sublime.
Hark! I can hear earth's twilight chime.

The evening bell
Is ringing and it seems to say,
"In valleys dwell;
Descend the height; each hour, each day
Each duty do." I will obey.

I'm toiling now
With earnestness. The drops of sweat
Are on my brow.
'Tis hard, this commonplace, and yet
I have my radiant angel met.

The angel came
To me. One day I heard a voice,
It called my name:
"While daily duty be your choice,
Behold your angel and rejoice."

What though at night
I am so weary? List: "Well done!"
Near, radiant, bright,
Gleaming with glory like the sun
My angel stands. The victory's won.

My Life's Pure River.

THE ANGEL.

Heard'st thou that sound, that tender, reverent murmur
Which softly o'er the silvery waters came?
'Tis that which thou desired, which once had cheered thee,
An echo of thy name.

THE POET.

I heard not. I am lost in dreams of beauty,
In glorious dreams. For echo of my name
I care not now; I drink of Life's pure river,
What need I of earth's fame?

His Likeness.

With pictures rare I filled my studio,
With worldly landscapes, castles, faces fair,
And yet there was a void within my heart,
My pictures had no radiance divine.
"O for a subject which can satisfy!"
My heart gave utterance no sooner than
Within my studio a stranger came.
His pleading eyes looked tenderly in mine,
I felt them pierce into my inmost soul
With vision loving, purifying, clear.
He spoke; his voice was low and magical:
"My likeness never fails to satisfy.
Make ready then, receive it on your soul."
I gazed upon the pictures in my heart,
Then gazed upon the stranger's glowing face:
But, ah! — the contrast — darkness lost in light,
Stars lost in radiance of sunlight's gleam.
But as I loved the pictures I had wrought,
Thus I addressed the loving, anxious guest:
"Go for to-day, to-morrow come again."
I closed my eyes, yet felt his tender glance
Reproachful, pleading, burn within my heart,
As silently he turned and left me there.
My eyes were opened; he had disappeared.
I called and heard the echo of my voice
Within my empty heart. With haste I rose,

Opened wide the several windows of my soul
And threw my pictures to the winds of earth,
Then bared my heart before the air of heaven
And called again, "Come, beauteous stranger,
come!"
He came and filled each chamber of my heart,
His likeness he engraved upon my soul;
Transfigured all my countenance with joy,
And made of life an endless dream of peace.

Prayer.

There is no language for the voice of prayer.
Be silent; kneel in adoration, soul,
And feel thy prayer received in God's own heart.
Speak not, nor move; forget thyself and all
The world; pray deeply, silently to Him,
And listen, listen to His silent voice.
Ah, oft we do dishonor God, I fear,
In talking to Him, giving Him advice,
And all but Him commanding, when He knows,
Before we ask, of what we most have need.
And no good thing will He withhold from those
Who walk uprightly; 'tis His promised word.
We do not trust Him as we should, I fear;
We do not listen to Him as we should.
We do not pray, I fear, with listening prayer.

Sea of Thought.

Troubled, troubled are the waters,
Black the clouds are overhead,
When the sea of thought, rebellious,
Suddenly gives up its dead.

The Beautiful Garden.

I know of a beautiful garden
  Away in the land of the pure,
Which is watered by clear, living fountains,
  Its foliage e'er will endure.
There peace like a dove is descending,
  There heavenly beauties abound,
Its air is the purest of zephyrs
  And angels are hovering around.

By the garden a river is flowing,
  Whose depths are all peaceful and clear
Yet shadows brood over the waters,
  And darkest reflections appear
To glance from the cold, peaceful surface,
  And shrinking we'd shudder to dream
Were it not for one bright star of morning,
  Which gleams from the heart of the stream.

Here little ones linger an instant
  While in babyland's beauty they sleep,
But soon earth awakens, the garden
  No longer has power to keep.
Then out in the regions of darkness,
  Forgetting the glories of day,
And blind to the beauty of Eden,
  They willfully hasten away.

Here the aged are peacefully sleeping,
And, shade-embowered, happily dream,
Awaiting the hand of an angel
To beckon them over the stream
Where loved ones are longing to greet them,
Where glories are gleaming afar;
Soon trustingly they will awaken,
And shine in the light of the star.

O cast off your garments of darkness,
And put on your garments of light,
And come to this beautiful garden
Where evil is powerless to blight.
Come, bathe in the life-giving waters,
Come, share in the peace of the blest,
Be born in the garden of Eden,
In arms of Omnipotence rest.

A Dream.

One night, in a dream, I wandered
  Where the weeping-willows wave;
On I passed, on, on, still onward,
  Till I stood beside a grave.

O'er the grave dark shadows glided,
  Somber moved they to and fro.
Then a spirit stood beside me;
  "'Tis your grave," is whispered low.

"Tell me of these restless shadows,
  What are they?" The spirit spoke,
"Duty spurned, departing, left there
  Shadows bare." Then I awoke.

May 30th.

I hear the marching, the music,
I see the noble display,
While quivering and trembling and dying
Are the beautiful flowers of May.

Keep Your Heart Whole.

There once was a maiden who had a big heart,
To this one and that one she gave a small part.
At last came a lover who loved her with soul,
He wanted her heart and he wanted it whole.

Alas, but a tiny small piece had she kept,
And this was so small that he would not accept.
Moral: your heart in its fulness control,
And keep your heart whole, maiden, keep your
heart whole.

In Heaven.

"A sound, sweetly faint, trembles gently, intense,
So tenderly breathes in my ear;
So lovingly enters the music of heaven,
What is it, sweet angel, I hear?"

The angel replied, "To the loved ones on earth,
The heart ever fondly will cling.
'Tis an echo of earth in the music of heaven,
Eternal that echo will ring."

Fragments.

With shining gold, I sought for friends to love.
I found them not. With knowledge, friends I sought,
And yet was friendless. When I gained a heart
Of love and tenderness, the friendship came
Which wealth and knowledge never could procure.

The robes of pureness which are worn in heaven
Are woven in earthly looms. We gather here
The jewels for our crowns. Each kindly deed,
Each loving word, each smile, are feathers white
Which fall like peace on troubled souls. At last
We'll find them in immortal wings of joy.

And have you a besetting sin, my soul?
Fear not. 'Tis powerless to you control.
Watch closely, guard the sin, 'twill be compelled
To do a guardian angel's holy work.

Around us sunshine falls in manna showers;
Why should we, then, on dismal shadows feed?

I closed my eyes and prayed to God a King,
Almighty in his power, upon his throne.
My eyes were opened, God stood by my side,
A loving Father, listening to his child.

However crushed by sin the human heart,
Howe'er tumultuous beat the angry waves
Of doubt, distrust, and hatred of the good,
Deep in the inner heart a Saviour lies
And listens for a call to calm the storm,
And to the troubled waves to answer, "Peace."

A child beside a rushing river stood
And cried in fear, "I hear the lions roar,
I am afraid." Her father heard the cry
And in his loving arms he folded her.
"Fear not, my child, father is here, fear not."
With trust the child looked in her father's face,
And fearlessly she whispered, "Father dear,
How beautiful the water-lilies are."

Within the upper chamber of the soul
And only there, we hold communion sweet
With Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Though error-clouds surround you, fear them not!
Just flash your sunshine-searchlight in the deep,
Dark caverns of your error-clouded soul.

Ah, oft the dreaded burden, oft the stone,
Becomes a glorious angel's honored throne.

A spirit bound with chains of flesh and blood
Can never be content. We're spirits now—
Embodied spirits, never satisfied.

For blessings given, be grateful, never proud.
This world is large, but has no room for pride,
No room for selfishness or unkind thoughts.

There's nothing can so elevate the soul
As honest condescension. Condescend.

The King of Angels served humanity.
Not for himself alone would he, when hungering,
Make bread from stones, but for the multitude
He used the power divine. He came to serve,
Not to be served. O wondrous, wondrous truth!
Art saved, my soul? Thou art saved for service
then.

The heart may be a garden, wherein flowers
May grow, with fragrance so enticing, sweet,
That souls may be attracted to the soil
Wherein such pure and holy flowers grow.

An instrument of music is the heart.
Then tune it carefully, arrange the chords.
The voice will tell when it is tuned aright.

God made us free; shall we enthrall ourselves
Within the bonds of angry, envious thoughts?

Look upward, though you climb not. If your gaze
Be upward, you cannot far downward go;
And like a magnet, heaven's power divine
Will draw you upward, up to heaven itself.

Earth's "Well done!" is the measure of earth's fame.
When heaven is reached, when angel voices sing,
"Well done, well done!" then fame is measureless.
What, then, is fame? 'Tis but the words, "Well done!"

'Tis but a shadow bare, and is unreal
As shadows are; and how can one surmise
The substance from the shadow? For we know
That often fairest objects shadows cast
Which are most gruesome. Have no idle fears.

You borrow from yourself and are you then
Becoming richer? Nay, but poorer far.

How still, how perfect is the power of God,
Which shines through nature and upholds the heavens!
Will not this God eternal care for you?
Be daring, trustful, calmly breathe these words:
With conscious power is leisure infinite.

A Guest, a Saviour hastens to your heart.
Come, sweep the cobwebs from each hidden nook,
And put the rooms in order, warm the place,
And make it fit for such a loving Friend.
Then bid Him enter, let Him reign supreme,
And bid Him make Himself at perfect ease,
And feel at home within your humble heart.

Believe, love, and obey; in these three words
Is comprehended all the law of Christ.

Ah, all around are pleading, praying souls
Who know not their desires are all fulfilled.
And all around are starving human souls
Who sadly starve, believing they are filled.

The eagle's nest is built so far above
The world, it fears no evil from below.
Somehow the eagle's nest reminds me of
The spirit's home, earth-bound in sight of heaven.

Hast toiled all night, and seem'st thy labor lost?
"Fear not, launch out, launch out into the deep."
Whose voice was that? It was the Master's voice,
The morning dawns; thy work is not in vain.

A night of sorrow brings the dews of grace.
Art sorrow-burdened? Heavy is thy heart?
Thy soul is still unconquered. Heaven and God
Are best discerned through tears and suffering.
The bitter chalice draught will bring thee strength;
The angels linger in Gethsemane.
The crown of thorns becomes a wreath of light;
For every Calvary cross an Olivet.
For every place of crucifixion there
A resurrection waits. Thy burden bear.
Some flowers their sweetest incense give when crushed.

I met a duty in my path one day.
I stepped upon it, did not lift it up,
But left it in the path. A brother passed
That selfsame way and found a stumbling-block.

Christ touches thee. "Arise, be not afraid."
Hast seen the vision? Thou art honored, soul,
But linger not in reverent, rapturous awe.
Christ touches thee. Forget thyself, see Him,
See Jesus, Jesus only, let him lead
Thee from the mountain to humanity.

The universe a melody sublime —
The melody evoked by God Himself —
The "music of the spheres" in perfect tune,
With notes within the heart and mind of man.
God saw the melody of earth was good
And rested from the work which he had made.
There must be silent places in the song;
There must be rests in life for melody.
Be quiet, be harmonious, and rest.
Wouldst dwell in Eden? Know the peace sublime
Of walking with the angels and with God,
In restful, holy silence? Then return.
The beauteous garden waits for man's return.
Your home is Eden while your heart is pure.

If we could put ourselves in place of those
We judge, our judgments would, I think,
Be much more full of mercy than they are.

To the Reader.

O it were joy to know one word of mine
Had cast one ray of light, had cheered one soul.
O tell me, lonely heart, and tell me now,
If any word of mine has brought you peace.
Aye, tell it o'er and o'er. 'Twill be a star
To light me on my way ; 'twill be a flower
To cheer the lonely path in which I stray.
We do not fear too many stars or flowers.

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